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## University Life in France

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# The Ideal Homemaker

By ROSALIE LARSON

I HAD BEEN cross and disagreeable all day. And no wonder! A party the night before had thrown my house in such a disorder that in spite of all my efforts I seemed unable to ever get it straightened up again. The sink was stacked with dirty dishes which I had thought myself too tired to do the night before.

It was just at this time that I heard the postman's whistle. Rushing to the door I found a letter waiting for me. It was from one of my old high school chums. She had married several years ago and moved to a neighboring city. She had invited me to spend the next week with her. Naturally, I was very anxious to go. Anything was welcome that would take my mind off this household drudgery. I hurriedly packed my things and left on the afternoon train.

Janice, herself, met me at the depot in her car. It certainly seemed good to see her again. We talked of old times and high school pranks, bringing back happy memories to us both.

At last we came to her home. It was not so very large, but it had an air of neatness and coziness. I felt a twinge of conscience as I thought of my own home that I had just left in such disorder.

I entered the house and here found her two little children, Billy and Betty, playing happily in their nursery. A short time later, Robert, her husband, returned for supper. And such a glorious meal as it

This story was written by a senior girl in the high school of Gowrie, Iowa. We are interested in the opinion of a high school girl upon this important subject.

was. Not elaborate, of course, but so simple and so good. I did not feel that I had caused them any extra work at all. Janice scarcely spent half an hour in the kitchen during the preparation of the meal.

After supper I helped her clear up the dishes, wash them, and straighten up the kitchen. I thought to myself how much easier it was to do things up immediately than to let them wait until work accumulated so fast that it was nearly impossible to catch up.

After supper we attended a theater. The kiddies remained at home with their nurse so their sleep would not be interrupted.

The next day was wash day. Janice apologized for washing when I was there, but this work seemed to add no confusion. Everything had been collected the night before and the clothes put to soak. It therefore took only a short time to run them through the machine and hang them out. All of the muss and fuss was over by nine-thirty, and Janice was free

for a short rest before noon. How different, I thought, from my own wash day, when it was all I could do to get done before noon.

By noon the clothes were dry, taken in, ready for ironing.

She had seemed to do everything so easily that it scarcely seemed work at all.

Besides all this there were many other duties that she must perform. Billy, the oldest child, must be sent to kindergarten in the morning, and the children were given a picnic supper that evening.

She also did all the sewing for herself and the children. She was an expert seamstress and all her clothes followed the latest styles.

Then there was church, and Sunday school, and clubs to attend. She did not neglect any of these things even while I was there, but took me to all of them, introducing me to everyone and in every way making me feel welcome and at home. She was always smiling and cheerful, no matter how tired she was, and could carry on a gay, pleasant conversation with anyone.

At last my week drew to a close. I was sorry to leave, yet anxious to go home and try my best to become as good a homemaker as my friend was. I knew now that if I made up my mind and used a good system, I, too, could have as happy a home as she.

## University Life in France

By MERCIE CARLEY

IMAGINE preparing excitedly for your first formal dance in a foreign country—in France, no less, the land of romance and adventure; and when you got there to find the first four hours taken up by a lecture!

Such was the experience of Mrs. D'Elbert Keenan, who is attending the University of Strausbourg in Alsace-Lorraine. In describing university life she writes, "There are no organized sports or college spirit. Fraternities and sororities are not allowed, altho there is an association to which all students may belong. Then there is a circle which is entirely male and rather exclusive. These give dances, but they are nondescript. Even the formal have five times as many girls."

French people must be more intellectually inclined than Americans for public lectures are the chief form of amusement. "We are always getting cards," Mrs. Keenan writes, "to come and hear someone on the 'Grand Canyon of Colorado' or 'Franco-American Relations' or 'Is There a Danger of German Aid Raids?'"

In France all universities are co-educational—"but such co-eds," writes Mrs. Keenan, "They walk around in felt bedroom slippers and even the prettiest—there are mighty few—wear cotton stockings. In fact, for co-eds and for beauti-

ful women of all kinds one must return to America."

With our ever-increasing number of bobbed heads it is hard to believe that in France the girl with the bob is considered "not nice" and is looked upon with suspicion. "The popular mode," Mrs. Keenan writes, "is a tight knot in back with a fuzzy halo around the front, and the side pieces cut. It looks about as their perfume smells."

French co-eds must think that every year is leap year in America. For a girl once asked Mrs. Keenan in all seriousness if the girls over here did the proposing. In France it is nearly always the parents who arrange such things. A girl's family gets together as big a dot as possible. The larger it is the more chance of marrying off the girl—a hard thing to do since the war, for the ratio is now fourteen women to every man.

Fortunately, however, the men are decidedly inclined toward matrimony. Mrs. Keenan says, "You would be amazed to hear them talk around here. Every young man of twenty-three or over wants to get married. It is the thing to do. A group will sit around drinking beer and discussing possibilities. 'There is a certain Miss So-and-So who wants to get married. She has a dot of so much. She's not very

good looking, but she's an excellent housekeeper—"

Apparently love is one of the last considerations in selecting a partner. One young girl said that she was desperately in love with a certain man, but was not going to marry him because she wasn't sure it would last and that marriage must be settled on a firmer foundation.

A young man who walked home with Mrs. Keenan from a dance spent over an hour telling her why he wanted to get married—how lonesome it was to come home at night and have no companion. A very serious-minded scientific talk.

College opens officially somewhere around November fifth, but it takes two weeks or more to get started. There are no catalogues for registrants—only a huge poster on a bulletin board and that is usually not up to date.

"You go to classes and the professor doesn't come," writes Mrs. Keenan. "Maybe he died during the summer or has been transferred to Paris. Or maybe it is only mourning in the family. You go to another class and sit thru an hour only to find out it wasn't the class you wanted. There are always conflicts in one room and empty rooms somewhere else.

"However, it doesn't much matter, attendance is never taken.